

E
in 86
N_o
1832R

THE
ORATION,
AS DELIVERED, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1832,

56th ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

BY DR. CHRISTOPHER CARLETON RICE,

V
Orator of the Day,

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE "PAINTERS' ASSOCIATION;"

IN THE
BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH,

DELANCY CORNER OF CHRYSTIE-STREET,

BEFORE THE
SEVERAL CIVIC SOCIETIES IN NEW-YORK.

"PULCHRUM EST REIPUBLICÆ BENEFACERE ETIAM BENEDICERE HAUD
ABSURDUM EST." — SALLUST.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE GENERAL DELEGATION.

PRINTED BY E. CONRAD,

NEW-YORK, 1832.

COPY-RIGHT SECURED.





Class E 286

Book N6

Copyright N° 13 52 R

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



Deposited Aug. 13

THE

ORATION,

AS DELIVERED, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1832,

56th ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

BY DR. CHRISTOPHER CARLETON RICE,

Orator of the Day,

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE "PAINTERS' ASSOCIATION;"

IN THE

BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH,

DELANCY CORNER OF CHRYSTIE-STREET,

BEFORE THE

SEVERAL CIVIC SOCIETIES IN NEW-YORK.

"PULCHRUM EST REIPUBLICÆ BENEFACERE ETIAM BENEDICERE HAUD
ABSURDUM EST." —SALLUST.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE GENERAL DELEGATION.

PRINTED BY E. CONRAD,

NEW-YORK, 1832.

COPY-RIGHT SECURED.

E286

N6

1832R

New-York, 12th July, 1832.

DR. CHRISTOPHER C. RICE,

SIR—At a meeting of the “PAINTERS’ ASSOCIATION.” held pursuant to public notice, and also in behalf of the General Delegation and Committee of Arrangements for celebrating the 56th Anniversary of American Independence, it was unanimously resolved,

“That the unfeigned thanks of this Association, and that of the General Delegation, be presented to Dr. CHRISTOPHER C. RICE, for his able and eloquent ORATION, delivered before the several Civic Societies, in the Bethel Baptist Church, Delancy-Street, New-York, on the 4th inst. and that a Copy of said Oration be respectfully requested for publication.”

By order of the Committee of Arrangements,

THOS. W. POOLEY, RICHARD BENNETT,
WM. B. ERRICKSON, GEORGE DARLINGTON.
THOMAS C. HURLICK.

The Reply.

Delancy-Street, July 13th 1832.

GENTLEMEN,

Your very polite note is now before me: in it you request a Copy of my Oration. Allow me to say, that while I duly reciprocate your kind manifestation of esteem, I herewith enclose it for your disposal; resting assured, that the hand of philanthropy will in some measure shield its inelegance, when submitted to that candour which received it on the day of our “Anniversary.”

With sentiments of sincerity, I am,

Gentlemen, most respectfully, yours'

CHRISTOPHER C. RICE.

Messrs. Thos. W. Pooley, Richard Bennett, Wm. B. Errickson, }
George Darlington, Thomas C. Hurlick. }

Southern District of New-York, towit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the sixteenth day of July, Anno Domini 1832, George Darlington, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit: *Oration as delivered on the fourth of July, 1832, 56th Anniversary of American Independence, by Dr. Christopher Carleton Rice, Orator of the Day, honorary member of the Painters' Association, in the Bethel Baptist Church, Delancy corner of Chrystie-Street, before the several Civic Societies in New-York.—“Pulchrum est Republica Benefacere etiam Benedicere haud absurdum est.”—Sallust.* Published at the request of the general delegation; the right whereof he claims as proprietor. In conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled “an Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-Rights. FRED. J. BETTS, Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.



ORATION.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

The Anniversary of our National Independence again returns. Its pleasing reminiscenses and associations, assail with renovated vigor, the citadel of our warmest affection. Its attendant buoyancy holds the brightest spot on the waste of our memory, collecting as if the aggregate ebullitions of filial patriotism, gushing pure and fervid from the font of "*amor patriæ*," or love of country, which springs up in every soil, and is naturalized in every clime—'tis indigenous to none—'tis essential to all, as by its influence we recognize a much loved link—a tie which connects the individual and his country, into a unity of existence. Its spell endears to the swarthy Arab, his saudy desert; its charm casts around the heart of the roaming savage a sweet resuscitative, as he wanders through his forest "trail."—It sends the manly tear of national affection coursing down the bronzed and war hacked cheek of the steel clad soldier, when after years of distance from his home, he bends forward as his extatic ear catches the soft cadence of some mellow song or word he heard in earlier days, when the father of his childish years and the green fields of his boyhood were around him; 'tis that same feeling which causes the American on the 4th of July, no matter whether beneath a torrid or frigid zone, or in this the land of his nativity, to revisit in person or in spirit, the "home" of his sires, the grave of his ancestors, or the *shrine* which once witnessed the proudest declaration, the noblest document, and holiest "magna charta" which integrity ever framed, patriotism signed, or liberty consecrated, by "the lives, the fortunes, and the sacred honors" of a nation's "*conscripti*."

We must acknowledge that there is in the day which commemorates the nationalities of any people or country, a something which exacts an innate and indefinable tribute of respect

from the philanthropist, and when that day blends the festivity of its own nationality with the hour of its freedom, as also the restoration of the rights and privileges of other nations, made conscious of them by sympathy, and urged on by example to their attainment; so in proportion must a dignified hilarity of the occasion predominate, in as much as it possesses the flash of the gem, and also its solidity or intrinsic materiality, cognizable and appreciable, both in moral and physical properties, to the human family in general. That this "axiom" bears forcibly on the present is evident to conviction, whose impulse now bids me congratulate the native and adopted citizen of these "*United States.*"

A 4th of July once beheld a band of men, flinging away all considerations of danger and hazard, shaking off in one proud moment, the trammels of political servitude, holding at bay "the little tyrants of their fields," unfurling the banner of native hereditary rights, and planting it upon the unhonored grave of foreign aggression.

The Freeman greets this day's return with all the haughty consciousness of innate worth, for though his pride is great, his benevolence is irresistible; the one knows no inferiority, the other no superiority, save that of virtue's excellence. The Patriot welcomes its return as the *Astrea*'s festival of democracy and self government. The Statesman hails it as the "*lustrum*" of regenerated policy, made sacred by the life's blood of a Hecatombs of offerings; and lastly, the slave, poor injured man! inhales as if an incense from its morn, which buoys up in fond anticipation his prostrated mental faculties; he feels proud yet knows not why; he feels pleased yet cannot tell how; his susceptible heart at the mention of its reversion, expands; yet how to explain its action? He can find no ministering interpreter; the historic page can give no additional impetus to his feelings; he is incompetent to its perusal.—But no matter how prostrated in acquisition by circumstances, no matter how degraded in moral relations by proscription, no matter how fallen in station by imagined or political inferiority, there still exists within the breast of each individual, a scintilla of Prometheus extract, by whose fitful coruscations a light is developed, that shows through nature's mirror a countenance, on which the impress of an Al-

mighty hand is set, which proves him to be a son, a man whose legitimate inheritance from above, is civil and religious prerogative. Yes, "man is man"—who can be more? He feels so, and sees on the distant horizon of July's 4th morn, a star of hopeful portent beaming along the vista of his murdered freedom; it cheers him: he forgets, forgives, and in a blaze of social philanthropy exclaims, *America! America! Freedom's 4th of July, "the sword of the Lord and of Washington!"*

In congratulating you upon our 56th anniversary of national existence, I feel myself imperceptibly lapsing as if into a species of reverie or recollective paroxysm, whose doctrine inculcates the maxim of reflection, and whose tenets bid me observe, contrast, analyze, weigh and unite; thus we by a knowledge of elementary simples, judge by analogy the nature of compounds, as effects or compounds must be the result of primal simples or causes; and this by application contains a moral deduction, proving that the establishment of governments, based by free institutions and elective principles, constituting the foundation of a republic, must have originated from experiments made upon other species of legislation; and this contemplative theory gives birth to a preservative doctrine of paramount importance, that is as it effects not only the persons at present enveloped in participating the benefits of our present mode of legislating, but that of other countries and people now being advancing towards political pre-eminence, and also that of countries and people as yet in the embryo of discovery. How arduous the task to enter upon the analysis or synthesis of a country, whose theme genius has exhausted its powers upon: how difficult to retrace that labyrinth of mystery on which eloquence has expanded its richness, diligence its industry, and patriotism its genial sunbeam. But remembering the story of the aspiring Phaeton, I may be allowed to apply the same words of the writer, "magnis tamen excidit ausis."

At this period 'twere indeed superfluous to enter into a minutiae of detail, or recapitulation of all the events connected with this country's transitions from her once insignificant non-identity, to her present elevated seat among the nations of the world, or her nameless infancy to her adolescere maturity. I am perfectly aware, we love to dwell on any thing in which our

individual or collective peace, or pleasure is involved. Though often we hear of the battles and sieges of a Cæsar, a Pompey, a Wallace, a Napoleon, or a Washington, though familiar our ears are to the history of our Revolution, yet even at this moment, how attentively we'd listen and hang upon the lip of the war-worn veteran when borne on in his narrative by the flowing tide of heightened recollection, as "he'd shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won;" there is nothing more gratifying to an individual than a recurrence to such circumstances, and to the Patriot what can be dearer than those of "his own, his native land." But e'er I gently draw aside the screen which isolates the past from the present, or slightly touch on any of its particulars, I cannot avoid remarking how bright this day smiles around us, how gratifying are our anticipations, how great the benefits we enjoy; but we ought remember how dearly they were purchased. Remember how cautiously ought we wear our honors, and how diligently preserve them. I might here remind you of a custom which, at one time, was prevalent amongst the Egyptians (founders of many a republic.) They enwreathed with their laurel'd trophies the deathly Cyprus leaf, and suspended in their banquet halls, urns, which contained the ashes of their fathers and friends who fell in defence of their country, and sacrificed their lives at the altar of her peace; thus, in the gayest hour of mirthful triumph diffusing a chastened joy, an admonition moral and useful, speaking in substance more forcible than words,—how we should,—we ought purchase, and when purchased—preserve our material happiness; thus proving that pleasure, though intrinsically similar, yet should not be appreciated by weight, by quality, or by quantity, but as its attainment was attended by more peril or cost, so in an equal ratio ought we appreciate its possession and preserve its existence. If then they of olden democracys adopted such intuitive precaution, so ought we, of modern Republics, as both are alike in result. And if adopting it we pause for a while; what mingled associations of pride, of humility, of joy, of pain, will rise like the succeeding surges of the Baltic, in perspective with alternate throes of dignified admiration! In glancing over the pages of our early history, then was the time that Usurpation sat enthroned, and injustice offered from its polluted censor incense to Despotism.

Then corruption grasped the helm of influence and piloted man into the haven of moral debasement. Then the tinsel of gilded servitude compensated him for the loss of all that man ought prize—rational liberty. Men were not free, they were covered with the nugatory title of honor, they drank from the cup in which the pearl of their liberty was dissolved. They were not men with privilege, but slaves with nick-names; merit flourished, but 'twas upon the desert air. If it sought reward, it received it at the sacrifice of its integrity, or the light which could show it the path to distinction was plucked from the pile where its virtue expired.

But man should never repine much, as Providence often intends the darkest hours to render the transition more rapid, more chearsome. Vice often blushes itself into virtue, and from evils apparently most destructive, will benefits often result, the most beneficial. Tyranny then governed, but were it not for tyranny would our pilgrim ancestry ever have braved or explored the hoarse Atlantic's billow; were it not for oppression, would the rock of Plymouth ever have received the houseless wanderers of a distant clime, or their little bark be moored within its harbor's stilly bosom, would they have left their homes, their liberty, or their country, to settle on the shore of the wolf and the red-man. No, no. 'Twas oppression which outlawed them into immortality, 'twas persecution which fettered them into undying glory. Yet in doing so, like the Anaconda, lately in our city, its virulence recoiled upon and wounded itself to death. 'Tis true that they suffered all that men could bear, the dangers of the winter's blast, the storms of the deep, the miasma of the swamp, the tomahawk of the Indian, the recollection of proscription, all these disheartening events arose and occupied the foreground of the gloomy Panorama, which destiny placed before them. But their mind, conscious to itself of purity in intention, smiled at danger, proudly spurning the fetid draughts of Europe's bondage, raised the bruised flag of self administration, and resolved, that if but on a desert shore, Liberty should have *one* altar erected by the hands of a Freeman; or, if no land received them, they'd embark their all upon the ocean of boundless extent, and as the Athenians of old, imagine their ships a country, and themselves a Republic. But fortune granted them a shore, industry

a settlement, the red man a protection, and heaven a sustenance. Oh! glorious was that morn for mankind in general, else perhaps the waves of the tameless deep would still have lashed in its rude garb the wild shores of this Republic. Liberty be considered but as the fitful emanations of deranged conjecture. Philosophy have slumbered in the firmanent of a Franklin, or Patriotism never have gleamed from the cradle of a Jefferson.

Greatness sometimes is the death-blow to Peace. Ambition crept in amongst them. Jealous usurpation again emigrated. Their laws were insulted, their remonstrances rejected, the demon of innovation forged taxes and *menaced their rights*. Yet here is another instance of good resulting from evil, did they not feel the galling pressure of intolerance; did they not see the danger of war; did they not experience the strength of man when called from “home” on the defensive; they might never have attained by experience the judiciousness of a revolution. Was it not by learning that they afterwards became fit to teach? Was it not by fighting and winning the battles of others, that they became acquainted with military tactics? Yes, they practised against a valiant nation—whose war cry “Liberté ou Mort” is written on the “Fleur de Luce” of France, and the Canadas, and afterwards practised for themselves against a no less brave one—the meteor flag of England’s “red and blue”—at New Orleans. They with justice, saw that the stream of power, which flowed to enrich a *foreign Prince*, might easily be turned to enrich a *native citizen*. The issue proved it. But England ought to have known that the chains she forged pressed too severely upon its victim not to snap from around her. She ought to know that her enactments and exactions flared too much, not soon to be consumed, and that justice, though for a short time, trampled upon, must ultimately shoot up in all its pristine bloom. Rational liberty possesses, in itself, a resurrectionary quality, a principle which the Pelian piled upon the Ossa of incarcerated privileges, can never bury; ‘tis vain for luxurating bigotry, or prejudiced favouritism to oppose its advance. Like the Roman Victor of old it drags them both captive behind its triumphant car. Nations governing ought always be guided by their constituents, and conform themselves to the imperatives of existing circumstances, yet tho’ experiencing many lessons of morality. Go-

vernments will often be blind to their own interest, it was such policy which plucked from the British Crown the gem of these United States, and it is such policy which threatens now the final separation from her diadem of a brilliant, not of such extent as this Republic, but a *green little triple Emerald*, which sheds a halo of security around her.

How evident it is proved by a revolution of trials, that the exactions of a people when originating from principled conviction of its honesty, always attain that permanency in issue and success, which those resulting from the lancinating effervesences of jaundiced passion never can, nor does; the *one* seems perennial as the author of its being, the other fleeting as the germ of its birth, the one results from transientcy, the other from the world of the heart,—'twas such a principle which warmed the breasts of the regenerators of our land ; they felt its generous glow equally in the night of their bondage as in the day of their independence, its influence placed (though in political thraldom) the laurel on their brows, though wearing on their feet the fetter.

It was such which nerved the arm of a Hancock, Henry, Franklin, and Carroll, when urging on their countrymen to assert their prerogative as freeborn men ; proving, that rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God—such might be recognised in the words of a Henry, when imploring the God of battles to aid his country, and closing, by his fervent aspiration : “ Give me Liberty, or give me Death.”

Death came in storms. Carnage rode by in whirlwinds, every breeze was freighted with the life's offering of a Freeman. Where then was the spot he did not fall ? Where the stream whose waters were not crimsoned by his blood ? Where the valley in which he did not lie with his face to the sun, and his feet to the foe, in defence of his “ stars and stripes ?” Where the shore or the cliff where his bones did not bleach ? The land drank the red living tide of patriots, as a ransom for their children's freedom. Bunker Hill, Monmouth, Trenton, and Lexington, conjure up your dead. Charleston, Saratoga, and Yorktown, come and bear testimony of a Nation's wrath, when called upon to assert its legitimacy.

’Twas suspected by Europe that avarice and “ Yankee ambition” was the main spring of America's Revolution. But let

galled ones wince. It struck at the root of ill obtained power; twice is he armed whose cause is just. This motto floated in sight of the Oppressor, the security of its flag-staff showed that the expanded powers of mental energy, by the friction of Intolerance, developed the embryo of retributive justice, which now raised its scythe against their conflict; Monarchs from it learned that they ruled not by "*divine permission*," but by the people's permission, whose exclusive prerogative is "*divine*." Rulers considered power to be peculiar, to be their hereditary honors, and privilege to be granted subjects, agreeable to the wise dispensation of a gracious Kingly Sovereign. Nor is this at present in monarchical governments dissolved; titles are the pass-words amongst those "*Lords of a day*." Enervating Luxury its attendant, wrested from the labor and toil of those class of men, which Kingly charnels repudiate, but which free Republics appreciate, as the bone and sinew, the rampart of a nation, I mean the honest, industrious tradesman.

How delusive is the light of that Political Creed where man is reflected on for the adoption and honest pursuit of Occupation or Trade—how transient the beam of security which such narrowed ideas fling around it—'twill shine for a while, but its quivering ray be as the ignis fatuus, or phosphoretted Hydrogen, which overchanges decaying mortality, showing to the world the putrefactive continuity which festers beneath the expiring frame of its constitution. Where, I would ask, is the nation great where the Tradesman is degraded? Where the country happy where he is not encouraged? Where the people respected, where he is not valued? Is it not he who ransoms improvement, pushes forward art, and fosters science; we must be convinced that our advances toward moral or political aggrandizement turns upon the pivot of his exertions—how vain for us that Nature unfolds her rich bosome; how nugatory the appearance of her exuberant medium, the earth with its parturiating productions, till the Tradesman ruffles up his sleeve and bares his muscled arm. Both in modern and ancient times we find him amongst the brightest ornaments of science and art. If I were to point to a Chiron, a Dedalus, a Praxiteles, or an Angelo, a Wren, a Cosmon, or a Fulton. In the advantage and excellence of Trades consists the magnet which ensures the affection of posterity.

The Athenian territory was one time very limited ; ages had revolved. They had nearly forgotten the very name of self-government, and every vestige of national existence had dwindled into oblivion's torpor. The Greeks had succumbed to the nerveless Ottoman. But the moment the tocsin of Freedom rung, then the relics of ancient sculpture, the garments, the armour, the monuments of former greatness, were appealed to ; and then did the Tradesman's prototype, proclaim—for a nation to be great she has got to be free—and if to be free generally, she has got but to will it !!! The commerce of a country depends upon its productions, the productions upon the fostering of its Trade, that is, its merchants and its mechanics ; it is, it can be the only mirror to reflect a country's power. Oppression dare not enter where it prospers, the trumpet which sounds the "*advance*" of the one, sounds the "*retreat*" of the other ; *this is one of the first great benefits of Union and Republican Legislation.*

But to return, this period was most trying to the struggle of this country for national life, swarms of military locusts preyed upon the vitals of the land ; the treasury was then exhausted ; commerce impeded ; disaffection spreading its withering breath around ; disunion finding many a votary ; bribery disseminating its sparks of desertion ; every nation which attempted a reformed government defeated, herself convulsed by hurricanes of armed, equipped and war-nursed soldiery. But her cause was based by the rights of man, erected by virtue, sustained by principle ; consequently would, ought, and was crowned by success, just as it ought to be. The rocking convulsions of the earth do but resuscitate its frame by a revolution of its position, and harmonize its jarring sounds ; even the thunders of the aerial realm do but tend to restore to an equilibrium its elementary policy ; and so in a national sense of the axiom, these revolutions are often essential to obtain national results. And as the gay and stately vessel, robed and decked in all the pageantry of crowded white, yet languid sails and streaming penants sickens in the calm and lolls over the unripled mirror of the summer's ocean ; but soon the breezes rustle in her shrouds, the sky is overcast, the tempest lowers ; it bursts, momentary phosphorisms sparkle from the waves, the vengeance of the storm threatens final dissolution to the straining bark, her timbers groan—but soon the tempest exhausts its violence, the

steady pilot guides at the helm, she rights, the sun returns, and the trim and well man'd Barque rides the vassal surge triumphant. Such was our country then, such the pilots she had, who would not " give up the ship ;" they were not to be awed from their firm resolve by the dread pomp of danger and power—they were not to quit the helm because the storm of carnage darted its forked lightnings amongst them. No. The soldiers of '76 fought not for hire—they fought for right, and obtained it.

Here again exists the next difference between a Kingly or Monarchical soldier, and the citizen or Republican one. The Royal soldier, as he is called, fights as his trade, the citizen soldier for the rights of man—to speak of one, is to do so with dread—to speak of the other, is to do so with respect—the one a sojourning traveller, the other a domestic resident ; the one an expense, the other a gain. But I may be asked what can a Nation do without a large standing army ? I ask what do we do ?—we have none, or what do they avail? Go to Paris on the three days of July, and my answer is given ; when the paving stone, of the citizen soldier, put to flight the sworded Cuirassier ; but again, I am asked, was it not a standing army that gave to undying fame the name of Marengo, Austerlitz, Vienna, Lodi, Borodino, and Waterloo, as also the heights of Corunna, St. Bernard, and Egypt? Yes. But who immortalized the Cordilleries, Ayecueo, White Plains, Quebec, and Columbia, as also the heights of Missolonghi, the Straits of Thermopylæ, and the field of Guinstern,—the one may point to a Napoleon, a Ney, a Soult, or a Wellington—the other can point to a Tell, a Bozzaris, a Leonidas, a Bolivar, or a Montgomery ; but apart from such reasoning ; it is insatiate revenge or thirst of an empty title, the necessity of self-defence, the dread of returning a plunderless nameless army, or at best, the anxiety to grasp a gory wreath, encrimsoned with the living stream of a fellow being, urges on the one a reckless stranger, the other knows no world beyond the bosom of his domestic circle. He fights but in its defence. He knows no anticipated booty but the preservation of his fireside, his country, and his altar. " Liberty draws his sword. Necessity stains it ; but victory returns it to its scabbard."

He fights for the land his soul adored
For happier homes, for altars free
His only talisman—the sword
His only spell-word—Liberty.

Here then is the next feature to be admired and preferred in a *Republican Government*. Such were the soldiers of "America in days of old." Such in a body—such to a man—and should necessity demand it, such would be found their successors now before me, treading on the path their fathers pointed to.

But I ought not pass over so critical a period, and from an apprehension of following what is commonly styled "a beaten track," or least being considered trite in adverting to one who was the idol of his companions in arms, who was the solar centre of his country's hopes, round whose orbit they revolved, and reflected light of security, but on that side which turned to him; under his guidance disaffection vanished into union; Reinstated confidence once more cheered the land; the lower of discontent brightened, before the sun of returning Equity, that showed the mouldering towers tottering, which concealed in their lurking holes, the dupes of Ministerial influence, who then, as the Spirits of darkness, conscious of their own deformity, fled the gaze as objects too disgusting for the Freeman to gaze upon. 'Tis true that there were, and no doubt, are many individuals, who possess some traits of character superior to Washington. But to find such a concentration of acquisitions, is rarely met with—He is gone—yes, forever. But on the day of Earth's final dissolution, when the ministering Angel presents in, at Heaven's tribunal, the parchment on which the name George Washington is written, the recording Angel will scarce find a blemish to wash away with her obliterating tear.

America, for a score and half years, made strides to advancement and internal improvement; science beamed forth, the plough of industry furrowed the site of the "wigwam;" the woodman's axe felled the forest tree, and raised on the spot a spire to the Supreme; nor were these few or far between, as the Herculean Pyramids, rearing their heads in solitary grandeur on a desert waste. No. The Muses soon received their votaries, the home its visitants; the bramble was removed; the rough attire of neglected nature pruned, and the rose and olive branch taught to grow and bloom. Commerce extended; its sails whitened every sea—and all things painted to hope's delighted eye, the anticipation of a long and happy day.

But the jaundiced eye of Denmark's victor, of Spain's humbler, or Trafalgar's conqueror, could scarce cover its gnawing irritation;

the meteor of ill managed policy, induced her to try again and launch the red flame of her proscription. Violence was once more offered. Seamen insulted, and the strict conformity of honor trampled upon. War again was indispensable, and then might the rustic be seen flying from his native hills, to breast his country's insulter. Again she was engaged ; 'twas, terrible but 'twas decisive ; she fought, bled, and gloriously conquered. Her first war was won by her sons, on land ; her last by her fearless honest "Tars"

Whose march is o'er the mountain wave,
Whose home is on the deep.

Is there not reason for congratulation, I ask ? Is there not reason why America adopted such a cause ? at the first war she saw herself a mere spot or seminal principle of interest, so far as literary or commercial existence was concerned ; her name a blank upon the sheet of nations ; but scarce has half a century passed, when see what a transition ! what an area of experiment successfully proved by Democracy ! View her present magnitude. At the conclusion of peace at Paris, in 1783, the population was 1,200,000. Now, about half a century, she yields the arm of moral and physical strength of 14,000,000. Now she is, as a spacious dome, throwing open her gates and receiving the exile of every nation ; here the arm of Persecution is nerveless, and its iron Rod falls prostrate from the hand that gripped it. Man is viewed but by materiality or intrinsic worth.

Yet as the due appreciating of all benefits is but by contrast, so by ranging in imaginative order, the policy which guides Monarchical Institutions and those of Republican, the stubborn facts of essential benefits resulting from the one, must claim the "*palma*" of merited preponderance, which its inherent virtue exacts from the other ; far be it from me to insinuate that men of distinguished liberality and brilliancy shine not at the shrine of kingdoms. No. There are individuals before whose mighty master spirits I would bow with respect, that is, as regards mental pre-eminence, acquired by an advance in the vale of years. But as men, I hold it, that all are and ought to be "free and equal,"—it is this consideration which rolls up the surges of disparity, in the minds of those tainted with the paraphernalia of Pomp, essential to a Regal seat ; and if we trace the difference which exists between Nations or People, we find it all emanates from one grand source—Wealth

nurtured by the tawdry gloss of adulating Aristocracy, which impereceptibly insinuates its baleful spell, and pollutes the virgin purity of man's primal character; it is the *Upas*, whose pestiferous aroma withers many a flower of rising valor and of budding worth—how many an individual, whose eye was a convex mirror of genial truth, whose tongue was a burning essence of glowing richness, whose cheek the midnight lamp had wasted of its roses; yet writhingneath the influence of some 'malignant star' and knowing that Aristocracy held the entrance which led to the path "where Fame's proud Temple shone afar"—felt his inadequacy to reach it—dwindled into a cold unnoticed grave, without even a stone to tell where his neglected ashes reposed. One of the most prominent lineaments of monarchical policy is, that honors are lavished upon a few, to the total neglect, nay injury of many, independent of consequence; whereas Republican institutions know no disparity, but that which merit asks; it poises the scales of justice; it dare not deny his meet of reward to any, but where the balance turns it awards; every man may become a competitor. The pass-word is—

"Palmam qui meruit—ferat—"

It is thus all become concentrated into a unity of interest, and thus it is, by open, fair and manly trial, that science blooms, and mutual friendship decks the seat of Republican Justice—'tis true, true we often sacrifice principle, in a more or less degree under all modes of Legislation, at the altar of policy. But 'tis for experience to say, not for one of my years to show, under what mode of administration more offerings are made. How ignoble is the shallow mask of prejudiced bigotry or political justice; resembling a gilded tomb, fair to the eye, without, but with rank cold hearts within. In a word we need but judge of effects, to judge of causes, and *vice versa*.

If we look to Europe and mark its contending parties. Look at the Chamber of Deputies, at Paris. Look to the usurpation of Portugal, to the insidious precariousness of Austria; to the falling contending state of Spain. Look to the Parliament of Britain and its Reform Bill; a Parliament which boasts of its liberality, yet refuses to enact a Reform which would benefit so much her internal peace; see them how lightly they ought wear their security, and why? because the people are not

represented ; they are misrepresented ; their interests are sacrificed at the shrine of ambition, which uses them as stepping stones to attain office ; but most of all is because the people are not united, and 'twere as easily to establish a permanent representative Legislature where they are disunited, as for the Ephemeral overflowings of petty political feelings, to dissolve the “*Union*” of this Republic, or pluck a leaf from the chaplet, which binds these “*United States*” together into an identity of being. Look to Athens, to Palmyra, to Sparta, to Lacedemon, to Rome ; see them powerful, long as unanimity governed them ; but soon as the fiend of usurping ambition flung the torch of “*Disunion*” amongst them, they passed from the list of nations, and now live but in tradition.

Union is the firm base of a Republic, and no government but a Republican ought, or can legislate, for the exigencies of a large or extensive country ; it is it, as you all must be aware, can only be calculated to support a national Polity ; nor could this, or any other Country’s Executive or Legislative department, be properly managed, unless circumscribed in some measure by the Judiciary—and thus far it has succeeded here, which, I believe, is the first experiment, and its benefits are spreading throughout the world ; which is becoming as if contagious with the example ; its beneficial philanthropy sunders the mist of narrowed views ; the time is passed, when a people, or a portion of a people, calling for assistance would be heard by unconnected individuals, with a cold neutral silence ; considering the cause and effect to be the exclusive concern of the country or people involved. But the enlarged precincts of regenerative reason shows that man, in every clime, is connected together by Nature’s sympathy. We are all children of the same God. We are men—and that word should bury forever prejudice in oblivion. Religion tells us that we should assist each other; therefore, though we may differ in clime, in constitution, or occupation, our feelings for each other’s welfare should concentrate, and like the triple “Shamrock” of my native “Isle” they ought terminate in *one* stem—Civil and Religious Liberty throughout the world. As men, then, on this the glorious Anniversary of our National Independence, let us hope that every nation which struggles to obtain it may succeed. We have reason to hope so. We see Greece, freed from the chains

of Ottoman servility. France regenerated. Belgium established. Portugal on the march. Hibernia is rising to shake off the ignoble meshes of subordination. She has enlisted the interest of mankind in her struggle. She has taken down her Harps, her Shamrock wreathed Harps, resolving that they be once again struck by the minstrel hands of a freeman, and again wake the bold intonations, which once rung through "Tara's Hall."

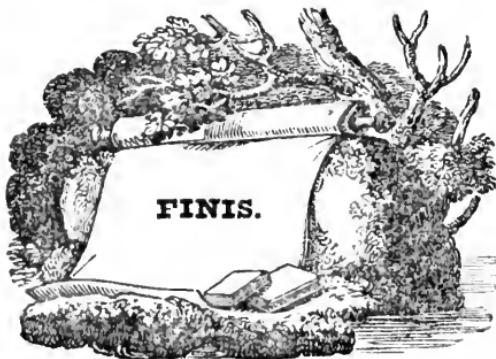
Fellow Citizens, before I would close my desultory remarks, I conceive it but just to say, though I greet *you* on the reversion of this day, I must not forget it's my duty to pay a tribute of grateful remembrance to them whom virtue claims as hers. Yes, I am convinced that there are some who, though more silent actors, yet feel, with no less sincerity, the thrill of devout aspirations in our country's behalf; those of milder temperament, whose gentler mood soothes man's more rugged nature, Woman's physical power, is left to him, but over that which comes within the reach of capacity—her energies are ever awake. The miasma of the dungeon, the storm of the ocean, the chill of the winter's blast, can add no barrier to woman's devotion, either personal or national, when once called into action; 'tis ardent as the Syrian God, 'tis faithful as the Eastern Slave's devotion at the shrine of his Alla, when he comes, loaded with offerings, to the Altar. He stoops as he presents them—all his hope is, that they be received, sincerely as they are offered, never daring to hope for a return; to them, then, I would say, on all occasions, we hope for your co-operation; you cannot be with us upon all, but your good wishes will act as an incense vivifying our exertions for our country's prosperity.

To you, my fellow Citizens, I would say, the blessings of Peace surround you; the brightness of your fondest hopes nurtures the young bud of your Liberty; the advancement of your land illumines the page, the hoary annals of tradition.

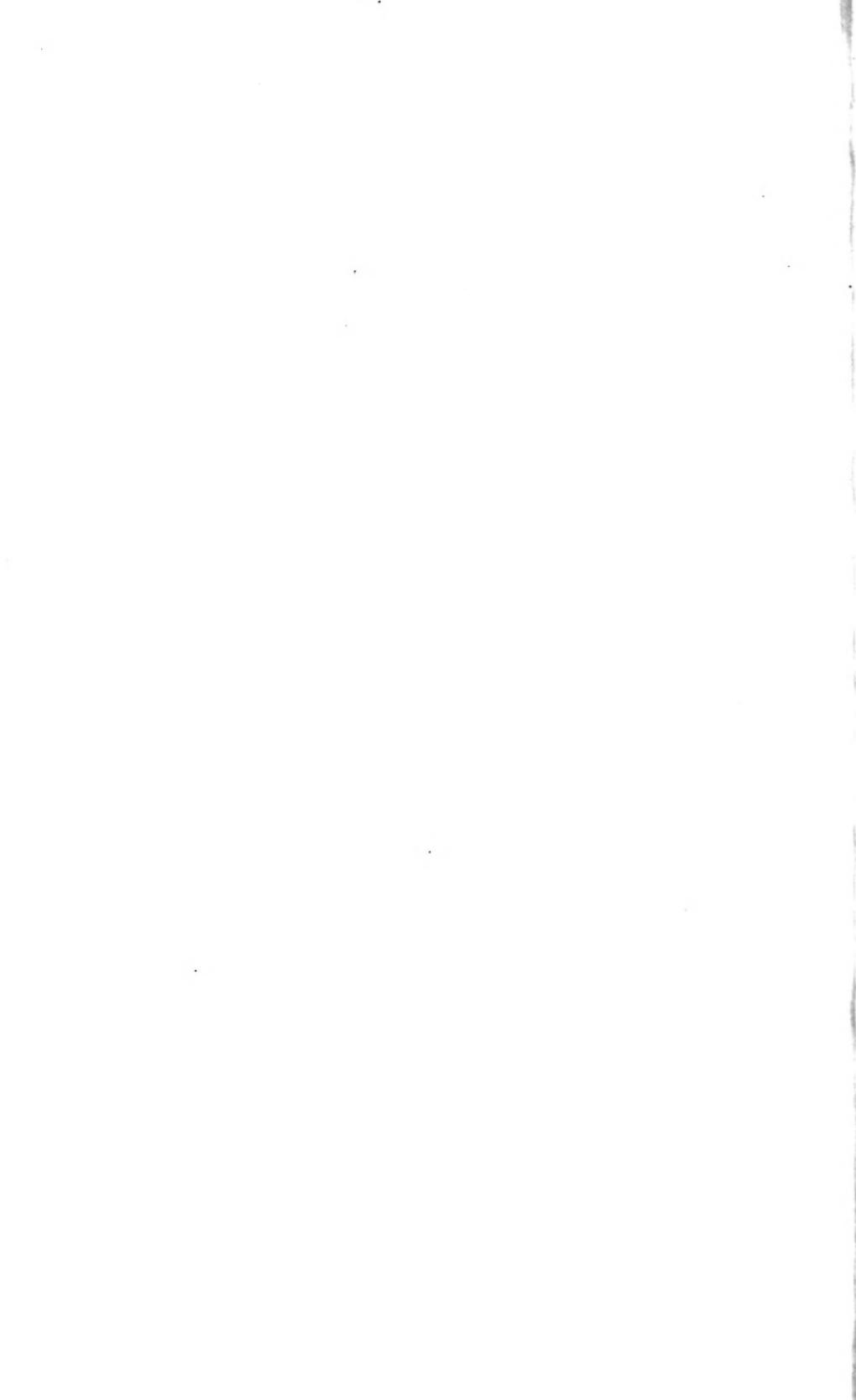
You Civic Societies, who have ever proved your sterling adherence to Republican principles—I know you will preserve it; Preserve your principle, preserve your health, preserve yourselves for your homes, your wives, your children and your "Land." Let the gifts which you received from those who bled to obtain them, be guarded and seen in after years, and by after generations; showing, that though the sun of '76 is set, yet the twi-

light of its blessings remains behind it, to light around you the fond reminiscence of your inheritance ; bequeath them to your children.—Trophies may moulder. Crowns decay. Sceptres crumble—and Glory perish—but the gift of a Freeman to his child is immortal, when like a second Hannibal, he places him standing upon the altar of his God, and teaches his tender lips to say, “ all the ends I'll aim at, shall be my Country's, my God's, and Freedom's.” Let each annual reversion of July's Fourth be but a mirror of our mutual friendship, our peace and prosperity. Thus will Columbia's advancement prove that Usurped Power is at length become barren in discovery or nerve ; it can find no new invention to forge in its Cyclopean furnace, by which it could again incarcerate the human intellect. No. Its penal trammels, of ill-gotten sway, are burst asunder ; and the genius of Universal Emancipation exultingly hails our native or adopted country—as she ought to be

Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the land
And first gem of the sea.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 783 148 6